manufacture of men; but then he had not heard of the Chicago Exposition, neither had he seen the cunning workmen in the National Museum at their exercises. To make men and women and children as natural as

life, they first select with the greatest care the costume peculiar to the race to be recreated. This is very important, to guard against putting women's clothes on men and vice versa, against mixing races and also against getting white man and yellow man and brown man and black man haplessly confounded. If the costume be wrong, all will go wrong. It would be as though a taxidermist had dressed an ass in a lion's skin, or the turtle-dove should be mounted as a carniverous creature. If you should undertake the trade of Nature's journeyman, be careful about the costume. Here

the apparel always proclaims the man. Next to the costume comes the man himself, meaning also his wife and his little family. The photographer sets up the individual whose other self is to be reproduced, just so



Posing as a Model for the Nine Jour-NEYMEN. many feet from the camera, and is careful to

include in his picture an ivory rule or some other object where the exact length is known. He also takes his victim full face and in profile After this preliminary exploration comes the portrait-painter with his wonderful eye for color, and gets the complexion of the face and of the body as exactly as possible. He copies the hue of the eyes and the shade of the hair and notes the texture of the skin. The anthropometer is now invoked to measure statare, girth, length of limbs, and of other parts of the body. This he must do with great care, as will appear further on. The poor creature who has been put through these preliminary processes must be paid for his patience and dis-



Beals at their breathingholes through the ice on the Congo, nor Chinese women carrying their children in pappoose frames, nor Navajo women eating rats. We must suit the action to the man and the man to the action. has to scour the earth and make himself

to the whole group before another thing can be done. Indeed, he has to furnish the motive for all the rest of the journeymen. We are now ready to go to work in earnest, we Nature's journeymen. Therefore you may get a barrel of modeler's clay, a barrel of good

and hold their hands, and be posed with relation

plaster-of-Paris, besides shellae and porpoise oil. These are for the parts of the body to be exposed. Then some good pine studding, inch boards, excelsior, burlaps, wrapping twine,

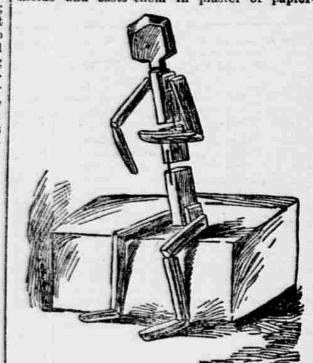


AS THE LAY FIGURE OF THE PRIEST IN AN PUTTING ON HIS COSTUME.

If you have never seen one at work it will pay stead of a pillow?

You to go many miles out of your way to get a This is all right, for it keeps his wits shar-

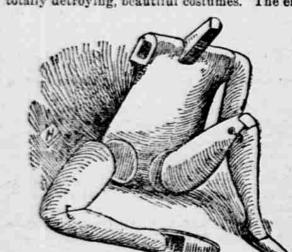
HAKESPERE seemed | tools, conjures out of soft clay faces that weep, to have a very poor or frown, or smile, or look intent upon opinion of Nature's some object of interest. From these he makes journeymen in the molds and casts them in plaster or papier-



HOW THE BLACKSMITH AND THE CABINET MAKER FIXED HIM. mache, fac similes of his heads and hands and

naked feet. While the deft artist is forming the exposed parts his companion, the upholsterer, scarcely less ingenious, builds up the bodies and limbs. As those will not be exposed, his purpose is to bring out the effect of the costume. And with all the resources of the upholsterer and cabinet maker, assisted by the blacksmith, he creates his terso. He cannot make a mud man and set him against the fence to dry. The clothes would not go on. He cannot, for instance, put the shirt on the figure as you don yours. He has to put the figure into the shirt. He must make his man so that he can unjoint the arms and legs and feet, slide the garments down over the limbless trunk, and then restore the limbs in such good shape that they may be posed in | journeymen that make men, women, and chila life-like manner, holding a spear, sewing a dren for Chicago. garment, or pointing to something in the dis-

out a human form in excelsior, and make provision for adding limbs as desired. You might ask. Why not east the whole thing in plaster? This would necessitate cutting, and perhaps totally detroying, beautiful costumes. The en-

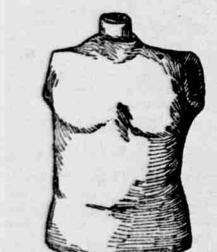


AFTER THE UPH DISTERER HAS TRIED HIS tire process of Nature is to be reversed. For example, she makes men and they clothe themselves afterwards, without having to be un-

But Nature's journeymen get the clothes first and then have to fabricate jointed men to adapt them to the clothes. The old-fashioned way of stuffing animal skins and human clothing to prepare zoological specimens or layfigures of men is superseded by the much more



There is where the ethnologist comes in, who | elegant methods of taxidermy, by which the bodies of animals or of men are first made up to scale and measure and then clad in the nafamiliar with the various peoples, their characteristic activities and ways. He must make up tive skin or the becoming garments. his mind how the figures shall stand, and look,



THE TORSO. - OTHER PARTS TO FOLLOW.

and hands being set in place, you have a ghostly sight indeed. No creature was ever so pale as this one. That same genius who a short time ago copied eyes and skin must now restore them on the countenance and skin of the new creature. Even the wig-maker should | that sounds very much like a laugh. If he be no fool, or there will be the mischief to pay, These two artists, the portrait painter and the ever, he would not be such a bad neighbor to wig-maker, have it in their power to give success or failure to the whole enterprise. So they are usually paid by the day and

compelled to keep at it until the proper effects are attained. Few persons realize how easy it is to render an object of this class ridiculous by just a little bit of color or by the pose of a wig. | for he is as full of fight as of mischief, but a The last one to lay hands on the new creation is the costumer, who must inspect every INDIAN CHEEMONY WILL LOOK BEFORE part of the dress and wig and color. Mrs. Grundy is his perpetual enemy. She is forever saying. Don't you see that those trowsers are tacks, hinges, strap iron and other supplies must | wrong side out, or the dagger is on the wrong side, or the turban is around the waist, or the supply of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE The first one to begin in earnest upon our medicine-bag is mistaken for a tobacco-pouch made-up men and women is a medeler in clay. or the child's head is resting on a shrine in-

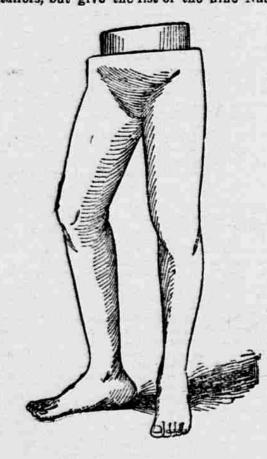
sight of him. He sets up our photos and an | pened. She may be continually wrong; all picture to take home with them to look at in thropometric measures in front of him, makes the same he is ever on the qui vive for her. a sketch of the group to be created, and then, She caught him only a short time ago napping with his dainty fingers and a few very simple | at the National Museum, sending a man out to about you.

practice archery with a rat-trap from the Far East under his arm instead of a bow. The motive in taking all this pains to make figures to look as nearly like the person represented as possible is the fact that millions of men and women and children will see them who can never travel the world over. These



THE MODELER'S EFFORT TO CREATE A HEAD. will ever carry in their minds the images of these lay groups. It becomes a matter of the highest pedigogic importance that every detail should be correct and that Nature's journeymen

should know what they are about. You have heard that it takes nine tailors to make a man. In this case we do not call them tailors, but give the list of the nine Nature's



THE PIMA INDIAN LIMBS WAITING FOR HEAD AND BODY.

First journeyman-the Ethnographer. Second journeyman-the Anthropometer. Third journeyman—the Photographer Fourth journeyman—the Modeler. Fifth journeyman-the Upholsterer. Sixth journeyman-the Blacksmith. Seventh journeyman-the Painter. Eighth journeyman-the Wig-maker. Ninth journeyman-the Costumer.

How it Feels to Fall a Mile.

Delos E. Goldsmith, the only survivor of those who ascended in the ill-fated balloon at | Florence. That, however, did not discourage Boston on the Fourth of July, is 28 years old, fond of athletics, and is an expert yachtman and swimmer. He went up as a newspaper re- at first he regarded her sprightly allurements porter, intending to write up his sensations, with a sort of patronizing good nature, which He told the story of the trip as he lay on a cot in the hospital after the terrible fall of over a mile, as he is still suffering from nervous shock. He said:

was declining and the scene from the car was | would come back into his eyes and he would beautiful. We all anticipated an enjoyable trip. At first it seemed as if the balloop would take a westerly course, but a strong wind from the west suddenly arose and swept it toward South Boston. It was soon evident that we were heading for the harbor. It was then that Prof. Rogers said that we would land on Thompson's Island. To fail of this we all knew meant to be carried to sea. The Professor seemed to realize this and became a trifle

"He pulled the escape-valve cord, but it refused to work. It now became a question of life or death. Again and again he pulled. For a moment the huge mass shook and quivered. Soon our position became uncomforta- taken away the next morning. That night gate this the hold on the cord was relaxed. To her something all the Summer, but his courage our amazement the valve refused to close. had failed him every time. He felt that he Suddenly a noise overhead caused us to look | had not been quite right in keeping it to himup. There was a small rent in the balloon, self so long, but she had made his Summer so which, as the gas escaped, increased to a yard. At first slowly, then like an arrow the balloon descended.

from the cage, and they were free. A moment | per. etc. later we struck the water. It seemed as if I wake."

The French Canadians.

"A quieter immigration movement on a scale so extensive as that of the French Canadians to the United States has never been witnessed," says the New England Magazine. "The majority of our citizens have as yet no idea of its extent and results. It is chiefly within the last generation that this 'new nation,' as it may be styled, has noiselessly overspread these northeastern States. To day this new population throughout the United States numbers considerably over 800,000. In New England and New York there are more than 500,060; in Massachusetts alone the figures reach 120,-The body prepared and dressed and the head | 000. This is an astounding aggregate for the brief period of their immigration, and the extent of the sources of supply. This result far ortionately, that to the credit of either Ireland or Germany. According to Le uide Français des Etats Unis (1891), they own real estate to the amount of \$105,328,500; and 10,696 of the race are doing business for themselves. As we have already seen, this people, chiefly agricultural, backward in education and primitive in habits, numbered but 65,000 at the time of the cession of Canada to England -1759-60; while at the present time there are 1.700,000 of them, not including the outflow to adjoining provinces and the United States.

A Practical Joking Bird. "The blue jay," says a bird sharp, "is the most persistent practical joker in the feathered kingdom. He will conceal himself in a clump of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather, and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion, will suddenly frighten them almost to death by screaming out like a hawk. Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle confined his pranks to such jokes as this, howbirds smaller than himself, but when he amuses himself by breaking the eggs in their nests and tearing the young to pieces with his bill, he becomes a pestilent nuisance, and they often combine their forces to drive him out of the neighborhood. They do not always succeed, severe conflict teaches him that they too have their rights, and this induces him to mend his

If you come to the Encampment without a Portrait Cards it will be a great disappointment to your comrades. They all want your after years when they are thinking and talking



have said it was Florence Craven's own fault that she had lost her faith in man. Per-

18 years old she had all, the world as it is is a very good palce- | And I'm going to do it." quite as good as the world of imagination.

not built on that scale, and then she concludes that man may be a little lower than the angels and still do. Florence Craven, however, did on paper. not begin life with such a tremendous demand on human nature. Her idea of a man was not among the stars. All she asked was that a man should be tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, frank, patient, humble, forgiving, earnest. sincere, affectionate, industrious, clever with his hands, intellectual, and passionately in love with her. It was not much for a young girl to ask, and so Florence demanded it with all her soul and with all her strength. And the first thing she knew the man arrived.

He had the whole of the above catalog of qualities except one. He was not in love with her. She set out to make him love her. It was at a Summer resort that she met him, and stirred Florence's spirits to their depths. She vowed with a deep determination that she would bring him to her feet. Several times he seemed to be on the point of saying something "When the balloon rose in the air the sun very earnest to her, and then the amused look say something else. This happened so often that Florence became flercely hungry for that earnest utterance which always refused to come. One night she even went up to her room and wept bitter tears of vexation, of course, because he would not say it. The next day she fished more vigorously. They walked, danced, rode together. The gossips of the hotel married them regularly every day, and still he did not say it. And Florence wished more than ever to hear him say it.

Finally the end of the season came. The September breezes whispered around the corners of the hotel, and the September stars looked down upon piles of trunks ready to be ble because of the odor of the gas. To miti- he spoke. He said he had been trying to tell pleasant that he had really been unable before that minute to tell her that he was going to be married that Winter. His sweetheart was in "In this awful descent it occurred to me | Europe and would be home in about two weeks. that two carrier pigeons were in the bottom of | And that was the earnest remark of the man the car. With one wrench I pulled the cover | who was tall, handsome, strong, kind of tem-

Florence took it bravely as far as outward went 10 feet below the surface. I knew we appearances went. She laughed in his face would have to swim, and before we struck the and told him that she had known it all along. water I had thrown my coat away. I had not time to remove my shoes, but while in the the inviolate secresy of her own room she fell water I lay on my back and removed them. | flat on her face and staid there for two hours. Then I became tangled up in the netting. At the end of that time she arose, looked at When we came up I wriggled free and jumped herself in the mirror, and smiled a miserable out of the basket. The land seemed far away, smile. At that moment her ideals went out of though I am told it was only 500 yards. All the window, and were blown out to sea by the this time I heard Prof. Rogers behind me and | west wind. The next day Florence Craven supposed he, too, was swimming for the shore. | was a manhater and a flirt of the most desperate I felt sick at the stomach as I swam, from the character. For two years she cut a swath. effects of breathing the gas, and if I had not Her change of heart was most sincere. She been picked up quick I would have given out. simply despised men. She took pleasure in "Whether Prof. Rogers died from the effects transfixing them with the arrows of love and of the gas or from his fall I don't know. He seeing them writhe. She had no more pity was near me all the time until he sank in my than a seal hunter, and she was as devoid of sentiment as Butler's "Analogy." She never made the slightest pretense. She treated all men with sarcastic contempt, and they seemed to like it. She counted her victims by the score. She broke up engagements by the dozen. She made regiments of girls jealous, She played Venus Victrix to perfection, and had all the mothers in society wild with a desire to cast her into the bottomless pit.

All except one. Mrs. Chasby Soden had a

daughter who didn't go off. She hung fire dreadfully. The only man who had ever shown a disposition to gather her to himself! had been switched off by the insatiable Florence Craven, who wrong his heart dry, and then sent him packing. Then Mrs. Chasby

Soden rose up and said: "That Craven girl has got to be married." The only question was who was to marry her? many seconds, and everyone of his ideas was He was at her side in a few seconds.

Mrs. Chasby Soden studied that problem long fruitful in pleasure to the women. All sought "I'm all right now," she said, pant and carefully, and finally she came to the conclusion that she knew the man. Then she sat down to study out a plan by which he could | around the hotel all the afternoon with three be led to devote himself to Florence and to or four tall, handsome men, who made love to conquer her. She spent the whole morning in deep thought. At luncheon she appeared with a severe headache and a written letter.

"If that does not bring him, she said to herself, "I must simply give it up." It did bring him. He was Jarvis Murray, Mrs. Chasby Soden's nephew, the son of her going to her room to dress for dinner. She was oldest brother, now dead. Jarvis Murray was 30 years old, and not pretty to look at. He stopped and had a knife-scar just above the bridge of his won't y nose, and the rest of his face was corrugated hard at her. with smallpox marks, "He was not tall, but his deep chest and long arms indicated strength. He was not especially bright or eyes. cheerful in conversation, having been close enough to death on several occasions to make | will; but I think you were very rude." him rather serious. Jaryis Murray had begun life as a naval cadet. He had been ship-wrecked once and had two desperate fights ential. with pirates. He got that cut over the bridge of his nose in one of them. Then he resigned from the Navy to accept the command of a merchant vessel. A collision, fire, and five days on a raft finished his career there, though he was honorably acquitted of all blame. He decided that dry land would suit and when she retired to her room for the night him thereafter. He secured a position with an electric company, and was now in a fair way to become a millionaire. But he was not an attractive man. He knew it, too, and, as a rule, steered clear of the fair sex. But Mrs. Chasby Soden succeeded in setting him after Florence, and he opened up a campaign that for variety and movement has seldom been equaled in the

history of love. It began with some masterly inactivity. The first thing Jarvis Murray did was nothing, and he did it well. He was introduced to Florence, looked at her critically, and then walked away. That made Florence angry, and filled her with a deep determination to all, and no woman could have asked for more I were your property."

make him notice her—and to his sorrow, of respectful, yet tender, attention.

"After pulling you or

"Excellent," said Mrs. Chasby Soden. "I should say that the first skirmish is decidely | sion of her spartment that night. in your favor."

"I don't like it," said Jarvis, reflectively. "She is as beautiful and bewitching as you painted her, and more so. I'd rather lie right down at her feet and surrender."

hapssome people would my dear boy, do just as I tell you, and the have been right, and most captivating of girls is yours. Watch her "Set a thief to catch a thief," he mused.

young, just as children the board. Pity that daughter of hers, my but not very enthusiastically. have mumps. The girls usually get over their ideals just as successthe Craven girl has got the whole field to her
"Don't mention it," she say in an aside, "I hate you!"

Murray really appeared to fully as children do | self, and now that we're alone, Jarvis, we may over the mumps, and then they settle down as well admit that she deserves it. She's the to a substantial basis of fact and find that, after first girl I've ever seen that I'd like to own.

The next day Jarvis Murray treated Florence That is what happens to a girl who has the Craven with deliberate indifference all day. walked slowly away, and—sat down beside ordinary run of ideals. These usually consist | He took the trouble to keep within sound of of a man who is a combination of Richard her voice and sight of her eyes, so as to let her Cœur de Lion, Adonis and the Angel Gabriel. see that he was indifferent. She tried several That is the kind of ideal the average young | times to draw him into conversation, but he girl sets up for herself. It does not occur to answered in monosyllables and turned to speak her at first that in order to be fit for the society | to another girl. That night one of the fullof such a man she herself ought to be a combi- dress hops took place. Right in the middle of nation of Joan of Arc, Venus and Amelia Sed- it Jarvis Murray shouldered his way through ley. By and by she finds out that women are the crowd of moths around Florence and said: "The next is our waltz, I believe." You can't put the assurance of his manner

"I think not," she said.

with his feet on the earth and his sublime head | calmly wrote his name, and showed it to her. | But it's going to work. You see it is my dance." At that moment the music began, and before Florence could recover her breath he had her floating over the floor.

day he devoted himself in precisely the same manner to Mrs. Chasby Soden's hang-fire daugh-ter. The finest expert from a medieval court of love couldn't have discovered a shade of difference in the devotion of this day and that | would try to save you?" of the previous one. That made Florence wild; but what could she do? That is not the sort | just-for fun." of thing that a girl can notice. So she had to swallow her rage and content herself with flirt-

ing more desperately than ever with a towhaired gentleman who was possessed of a T-cart and a hyphened name. She overdid it, however. She had one or two outbursts of temper which frightened the young man, and he ran never proposed to any other woman and I never away. About that time she overheard Mrs. shall. Chasby Soden saying to one of the old Noms on the veranda:

"Oh, yes, Jarvis always had a penchant for his cousin. I shouldn't be surprised if the unexpected happened in that quarter."

"So," thought Florence, "that old bundle of gossip thinks he's going to marry her Nellie. Well, rather than that I'd marry him myself, and I hate him."

You see, Jarvis's campaign was getting on finely. A man has get to make a pretty serious impression on a girl when he gets her to hate think he did? Dropped her hands and walked him. I've always been of the opinion that be- away without another word. tween a young man and a girl a good, hot, palpitating hatred can give pity three to one. "And be laughed at for your pains? No, perhaps they would for a day or two, and you'll agree with me that day. It came about in a very simple way. posed again; but this one did none of these has nothing to do with Jarvis watched her. He saw her deliberately sisted that the sand was damp and that Flor-sigh. He did not look miserable. He looked this story. The fact is draw young Forrest Burney into a proposal ence must not sit on it. You see, it was one of rather contented than otherwise. And he was what concerns us, and then treat him with a measureless conthe fact is that Florthe fact is the fact is t ence Craven did not broken. If Jarvis had not been let into the He set the log up on end and laid the board on mands before she uttered them, but he frebelieve in men. She secret of Florence's lack of faith in men he it. There was room enough for two, so he sat quently knew just what she wished when she did not believe much | would have called her heartless. As it was, he | beside her. Five minutes later he sprang up, | was not quite sure of it herself. The result in women, either, but understood that her heart was exceedingly apparently oblivious of Florence's existence, to was inevitable. There never was a girl who that also has nothing active and was feeding on its own fires. He speak to a simpering blonde nonentity. When could be comfortable in the presence of a to do with this story. decided that Mrs. Soden's plan of campaign he sprang up, Florence, of course, went over newly-rejected suitor, and the peculiar con-18 years old she had | "Set a thief to catch a thief, he mused ideals. Every woman | "It isn't fair. Mrs. Chasby Soden is an old hardly speak. She would not allow Jarvis to has ideals when she is campaigner. She's up to every move on assist her to rise. He apologized very properly, He stayed. And before night she actually felt "Don't mention it," she said; and then added

Murray really appeared to turn pale. "Do you mean that?" he said in a low tone, looking at her with the soul-leaking look.

"Yes, I do," she answered resolutely. That man's eyes actually filled with tears. He gave her one heartbroken glance; then

another girl. While he was looking into her eyes, Florence felt that she could forgive him anything. When he sat down beside the other girl, she wished she could run a knife through both of them. What was a girl to do with such a man? Florence did not know what to make of him. He troubled her mightily. He kept her in a perpetual state of change, from storm to sunshine and back again, like a hot August day with a southwest wind.

"How do you like it?" said Mrs. Chasby Soden to Jarvis Murray. "You are mistaken," he replied, lifting her "I like it and I don't like it. I feel like a that she gave a little sob. that he should be like Virgil's Dame Rumor, dance card. The dance was not taken. He case-hardened brute when I treat her so badly. "And you'll stick to it?"

"Yes," he said, grimly; "I love her." Mrs. Chasby Soden went off into a corner and patted herself on the back. When she saw her



"THAT CRAVEN GIRL HAS GOT TO BE MARRIED."

"My what?" he asked, looking intently

into her eyes. He knew how to look very hard. He had once looked a mutiny out of countenance. "Your impudence," she began again, but he interrupted her.

"A man would dare anything for you," he Jarvis Murray waltzed like a feather-weight angel. He did not say another word to her till the end of the dance. Then he said: "Have you another dance left?"

She had. She had been saving it for a pur-

pose; not this purpose, but she thought now she would let the other one go. Do you know what Jarvis did? He put his name down for that dance and went up-stairs to bed. She did not see him till the next day. She was weak to claim his dance. He told her he was sorry she had missed him, and assured her it should never occur again. That made her so angry Florence, of course. She wouldn't speak to him, so she was left out of his plans. She sat her to the best of their ability, while the other girls went out sailing with Murray and had a glorious time. Somehow or other her favorite | said.

going to pass him in dignified silence, but he stopped and held out his hand. "Won't you forgive me?" he said, looking When he looked like that you would have

sport palled on her that afternoon, and, of

her face to face in the corridor as she was

ourse, she blamed it all on Murray. He met

thought that his soul was leaking out of his 'Since you are so humble," she said. "I "So do I," he said, touching his lips to the tips of her fingers with a manner almost rever-

He passed on, leaving her flustered and elated. The man had acted as if he thought and he was holding her hand and talking pasher a female deity. After that he went on all signately to her. I stole away, and they didn't the evening making things pleasant for all the other girls and leaving her out. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Florence was not a saint, she was about as thoroughly vexed a woman as ever lived. She actually broke down and had

a good old-fashioned cry.
"I'll fix him," she said. "I'll not allow him to treat me in that style. The first attempt he den or not. At that moment the miscreant makes at impudence to-morrow ends our acquaintance."

But on the morrow he was not impudent. That was because he had carefully observed her face when she left the drawing-room the previous night. No, he was anything but impudent. He devoted himself to her for the whole day. He never left her side. Bathing and sailing and driving-he was with her in them | are insufferably imputent. You treat me as if Vanquished at last!" exclaimed Florence

triumphantly when she had gained the seclu-But he refused to stay vanquished. The next | was not anything the matter with me at all." another column.

"Mr. Murray," she said angrily, "your im- daughter she astonished that damp-powder young lady with a spontaneous kiss. That night Florence Craven made a discovery. She discovered that she was anxious. She called it "interested." But she was anxious to know what Murray meant. Up to the present time she had been unable to tell. The

man was a puzzle to her and she wished to solve him. The question was, how was it to be said. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled. | done? Sometimes she thought he loved her. | driving the King of Denmark and the King of When he looked at her with the soul-leaking look she could have sworn it. But she remembered that she had no faith in men. So why should she believe in him? But still she'd like to know. She decided that the only plan was to do something desperate. The next day she went in bathing just as everyone else was going out. Murray stood

on the end of the pier and watched her dive off. She was an expert swimmer. She swam enough to take him to task for not appearing straight out from the shore, and when she was 40 or 50 yards from the end of the pier turned over on her back and floated like a nymph. Murray started to walk away. Then she threw she would not speak to him again. Then Jar-vis Murray turned his attention to making Of course Murray bit. He wasn't going to himself agreeable to the ladies. He knew how | stand by and see her drown. He must have to do it, too. He had two dozon ideas in as cleared 20 feet in his flying dive off the pier. was just a momentary cramp."

ashore with me. Float." She floated, and with one arm under her he swam toward the pier with her. "What made you jump in after me?" she

"Do you think I'd see anything happen to you while the breath of life was in my nos-

A great thrill of joy swept through Florence. It was the first time a great thrill of joy had been caused in her by a man since the era of tall, handsome, strong, et cetera. She did not like it, on second thoughts. It frightened her. She escaped from him as soon as possible when she reached the shore. That night Mrs. Chasby Soden played her right bower. She watched until she saw Florence sitting on the veranda just outside the window. Then she went up to one of the old Noms, who was sitting just inside the same window, and said: "Do you know I do believe that Jarvis has

just proposed to Nellie. I saw them in a corner see me." Florence did not know just how she got out

of her chair, but she was some distance away from that window when she recovered her selfcontrol. Then she stood still and clasped her hands. Great Heaven! Why did she feel that way? What difference did it make to her whether Jarvis Murray proposed to Nellie Socame to her.

"I've been looking for you," he said. "I don't believe you," she answered. He calmly took possession of her arm and walked away with it. She tried to free her-

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "I won't stand it," she exclaimed. "You

"After pulling you out of the water I feel sort of personal interest in you." answered, I won her mental balance. "There He stopped short and looked her in the eyes. "Honor bright?"

"Honor fiddlesticks!" "And you did that just to see whether I

"Yes, I-no, what nonsense! I did it just-He let go of her arm and took both her

hands. "How dare you, sir! How many girls do you propose to in one evening?" "Someone has been slandering me. I have

Oh, wasn't she glad to hear that! And she believed it without a moment's hesitation. "You haven't answered my question," he said, "will you be my wife?"

"What for?" "Because I love you."

That was her little triumph He had made her feel miserable to often, and now she had her chance to be even with him. So she said "No," and then waited. And what do you

The next day he met her and treated her as if no word of love had ever passed between Jarvis had a sneaking notion that she hated them. It was simply incomprehensible. Any him, and he liked it. He wished she would other man would have gone away, or hung off say she hated him. She did, too, the very next in the distance and looked miserable, or pro-They were all down on the beach. Jarvis in- things, and he never left her side. He did not flat on the sand in about as ridiculous a way as duet of this one was enough to set a girl mad. you can perceive. She was so angry she could Florence was so upset by it that she tried to ashamed of herself. He divined that, too, and told Mrs. Chasby Soden about it. Again she went off into a corner and patted herself on

Jarvis Murray kept it up for a week. He was gentle, kind, tender, and manly in his treatment of Florence. He neither said nor did any more rude things. He enfolded her in his protection. He perpetually fanned her nostrils with the incense of his devotion. But of love he spoke no word and made no sign. At the end of the week he told her he was going away the next day. He regretted that he could not remain longer, as it gave him great pleasure to think that his humble efforts had contributed to her enjoyment, and he flattered himself that

they had so contributed. Was it not so? Yes, that was so. Well, then, he said, he should feel that his Summer had been put to the very highest use. Good-by. He hoped she would spare him a kindly remembrance once in a while when she had nothing better to occupy her thoughts. At

"Oh!" she said, "I've been so wicked!" "Wicked!" he replied. "Not at all. You mean in regard to me, of course. Well, well, it. certainly is not wicked for a woman to refuse to marry a man she does not love." He made a sudden movement as if to leave her, the villain. She seized his hand convul-

"But," she cried, hysterically, "but-but Then he took her in his arms, and that evening Mrs. Chasby Soden kissed her daughter

twice .- New York Times. He Had More Patience Than Most Men.

The London News gives this interesting version of Henrik Ibsen's courtship: When he fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Pastor Thoresen how to make known the fact to her troubled him for weeks. At last he resolved to write to her. He would come and fetch his answer the same afternoon at 5. Did the lady accept him she would be "at home"; otherwise not. At 5 o'clock he presented himself, and the maid asked him to go into the best room. He was very hopeful, and was glad to have time to collect himself before he met the lady. But when he had waited half an hour awful doubts began to assail him. After an hour had passed he imagined the letter had not reached the young lady. Some fatal mistake was making a fool of him. Still he waited on. After two hours he began to be ashamed of himself. She would learn that he had sat two hours in that deserted house and would laugh at him. At last he jumped up in a rage and ran to the door. He was opening it when a loud peal of laughter arrested him. He turned and saw the fair head of his adored emerge from under the sofa. Her mouth was laughing, but her eyes were filled with tears. "Oh, you dear, good fellow, to wait all this while!" she said. "I wanted to see how many minutes a lover's patience lasts. How hard the floor is! Now help me to get out, and then we will talk." In less than a week the marriage was arranged.

Driving Two Kings.

[Harper's Young People.] The King of Denmark and his second son, the King of Greece, were out for a walk last Summer, and went farther than they had intended; dinner-time was close at hand, and they were tired. Just in the nick of time up came a cart driven by an old peasant. They hailed the man, asked him to give them a lift. and were soon seated upon some sacks in the

In reply to King Christian's inquiry, the man said he was going to the Castle of Fredensborg to try and sell the two bags of carrots upon which they were sitting. After a panse the King of Greece asked the man, "Do you know us?" to which the peasant made answer: "How should I? I have never seen you."

"Well," said King George, "I will tell you, so that you may know in future. You are Greece." The peasant roared with laughter at what he

considered to be a good joke, and, not to be behindhand, proclaimed himself to be Frederick VII., who had been dead some years. The man laughed and chuckled at the joke until the castle was in sight, the two monarchs sitting silent in the cart; but when the soldiers on guard saluted the Kings and paid the usual honors, the scene changed. The two

monarchs, however, thanked him cordially for the ride, and 10 minutes afterwards the man was on his way back, his two sacks of carrots having been purchased at a most unexpected A West Point Story.

[Harper's Young People.]

Two plain, ordinary citizens visited West Point for the first time, and were deeply interested in the blithesome cadet. With the assur-"You're not all right, and you're coming ance that they were on Government ground, and that they were finite parts of the same Government, they went where they pleased, and were not interrupted. As the day waned, however, they drew nigh forbidden ground-a plot sacred to the embryo Generals. As they stepped across a line, ignorant of the awful trespass, a mild youth with spotiess uniform and heavy

musket ran up.
"No citizens allowed here," said the sentry. The citizens turned sadly away. "I feel like the sunset gun," remarked one. The sentry stopped to listen.

"Why?" inquired the other citizen. "Because I've just been fired off," was the answer; and, to the citizen's delight, the sentry

An Awful Risk. [Chicago News-Record.] Casper Corker-Say, cull ! If I was goin' to

kill meself, I'd take morphine. Jonas Deadbeat-Don't you never do it. Casper Corker-Why not? Jonas Deadbeat-A friend o' mine did it onct, an' they found 'im an' walked 'im eight

hours to bring 'im to! An Insinuating Liver.

[Boston Courier.] Sageman-By the way, Ranter didn't perform in the play last evening. Is he sick? Seeker-So I hear.

Segeman-What do they say is the matter with him? Seeker-They tell me that the doctor says his liver won't act. Sageman-What a relief it would be to his profession if Ranter would consent to be gov-

erned by that hepatic example! Every comrade wants his portrait on his card, that his friends and comrades may have it as a memento of him. See NATIONAL

"You didn't pull me out of the water," she TRIBUNE'S portrait-eard advertisement in